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HALF A CENTURY

OF THE

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

BOSTON.

February 3, 1878.

MEMORIALS OF THE HISTORY

FOR

HALF A CENTURY

OF THE

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

BOSTON.

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

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HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

[This discourse was read on the morning of Feb. 3, 1878, — the day of the jubilee celebration.]

WE will devote this morning to some reminiscences of the history of this church, which this week celebrates its jubilee. As compared with the old church histories, there is something droll in dwelling much on the history of so short a time. But we speak of fifty years which have changed Boston from a small commercial town to be one of the large cities of the world; which have changed this particular region where most of you live, from being the shooting-ground where boys lay in wait for marsh-birds, so that it is to-day the closely built centre of a new Boston. They are fifty years which have, in practice, changed the religion of

this country from the conditions of a theological dogma which could be committed to memory by students, but was wholly outside the life of men, into those other conditions in which religion filters down into every organ and member of the State, quickens all life, and controls all duty. These are conditions in which religion cannot be so easily defined; as how should the Infinite be definable? But the mass of men, whether they know it or not, are nearer God than they ever were; and his rule of human affairs, or what men call his kingdom, is more distinctly defined every day. Such a half-century has changed so completely the external methods of our lives, and even the habits of our thoughts and feelings, that what seemed most simple then seems quaint even now. And we find, as we always find, that nothing but faith and hope and love always abide, and are fresh and sweet and young forever.

THREE circles of people, acting with the same general purpose, united together in the simple efforts which

resulted in the formation of this society. There were the people of the South End, particularly those who lived well up toward the Neck, who, in our later times, have been rather fond of calling themselves "Old South-Enders." But in fact, even within my memory, the term "South End," in Boston, applied to every thing this side of West Street. My own grandmother, who lived where the Globe Theatre now stands, removing into that house late in life, considered that she moved to the "South End." There has been a steady drift to the "South End" from the time when the "Old South" meeting-house at the corner of Milk Street was the southernmost church of all, and when John Hull, one of the founders of that church (who lived where Papanti's dancing-hall is to-day), spoke of his house being at the South End of his time. A hundred years after that, Fisher Ames, having walked down Beacon Street as far as the front of the State House, called it, in a letter, "walking out of town."

Hollis-street Church, under the very popular ministries of Dr. Holley and of Mr. John Pierpont, who was

settled there in 1819, was full; and this is stated prominently as the motive of a circular, which was printed as early as 1825, and distributed at the South End among those who were invited to form a new religious society. It proposes a new Congregational church "for persons of the Congregational order and of liberal views." "The church in Hollis Street," it says, "is so crowded, that many families in this quarter are destitute of seats in any place of worship; and many are now obliged to go a great distance, which is very inconvenient, especially for females and children." Hollis-street Church was, in fact, more than a mile from some of the houses on Washington Street from which the new society drew attendants from the very first. The new church also had the spirited support, from the very beginning, of a little company at South Boston, who were its stalwart friends when it most needed stalwart friends. Mr. Cyrus Alger joined cordially in the undertaking, and he supported it heartily till his death.

The wish of these persons, urged by the increase of

the population, fell in with the plans of a body of far-sighted men, to whom Boston owes a great deal, and whose work in visible monuments exists all around us. As early as 1822 there was formed among the men of religious habit, of catholic opinion, and of public spirit, in this city, a club or association which had for its object the real religious life of Boston as it might show itself, not simply in churches, but in organized institutions of charity. It finally used the name, if that is such, of the "Anonymous Club." The ministers of the older churches were generally invited to its meetings, though not formal members of the club; Dr. Channing, Professor Norton, both the Wares (father and son), Dr. Parkman, Dr. Walker, and Dr. Palfrey being prominent. Among laymen, Josiah Quincy, Jonathan Phillips, William Sullivan, Richard Sullivan, Stephen Higginson, Charles G. Loring, George Bond, Benjamin Guild, George B. Emerson, Lewis and Charles Tappan, and David Reed, are still remembered. From the plans of this club, which met as a social club from month to month at the house of its members, grew the charities

which we call "The Ministry at Large," "The Industrial Aid Society," and much of our Sunday-school work. And, which concerns us to-day, three churches — the Eleventh Congregational (Dr. Barrett's), the Twelfth Congregational in Purchase Street, and our South Congregational — were largely indebted, in the outset, to the co-operation of this association. Its plans, as far as church-building went, were simple. Its members obtained subscriptions for twenty-three thousand dollars, in shares of a hundred dollars each, for the building of a new church. They built the church in Chambers Street with this sum. They formed in that neighborhood a congregation of liberal Congregationalists. So soon as the church was finished, the congregation proved large enough to buy the pews, to pay the association; and it had in hand its twenty-three thousand dollars for another enterprise. Measures had already been taken for the establishment of the church in Purchase Street, afterward removed to Harrison Avenue. So soon as that church was built, it was understood — perhaps never definitely promised — that the same aid would be ex-

tended in the same way to the movement at the South End of Boston, if the population desired it. The part assumed by this association was virtually the lending of the capital for the building of the church, in the confidence that the movers would have strength enough to repay it. When repaid, the money could be used for the same purpose again.

I said there were three knots of coadjutors in the undertaking. The third consisted of attached friends of Dr. Horace Holley, who had for so many years been the admired and beloved minister of Hollis-street Church. The generation to which I speak does not hear so much as, in my boyhood, I heard of his eloquence. But in his day no language was too extravagant for its praise. The large and beautiful Hollis-street Church, which still stands, was built to make room for the throngs who came to hear him. It was crowded with delighted congregations. In the controversy with Orthodoxy, then beginning, Holley outstripped his more staid brethren of the other liberal pulpits, and went where men went farthest. I have

heard him called the Theodore Parker of his time. But this word only describes the attention his preaching secured; for the two men were different through and through. I have heard, on the other hand, people speak as if he were nothing but an orator; as if he had no heart, and, at bottom, no religion. But this is not true. It has been my fortune to know some aged persons in our church whose earliest religious convictions were gained from Holley. I remember a lady who could repeat, after half a century, the very words of a prayer in which he had prayed with her.[1] In listening to such stories as depreciate him, one must remember that controversy was waxing hot, and that people who did not agree with Holley did not mince the words with which they spoke. In 1818 he

[1] A PART OF MR. HOLLEY'S PRAYER. — Our Father and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we implore thy blessing and protection, thine aid and assistance, and the pardon of all our sins. Oh, eradicate from our minds every passion and prejudice which is hostile to thy pure and holy religion, a foe to our own happiness and the happiness of our fellow-creatures, and ruinous to our souls. [She was kind enough to write this for me in March, 1861; and I print it here. — E. E. H.]

left Hollis Street to become the president of Transylvania University in Kentucky. Never was a more unfortunate appointment. The bigoted Presbyterianism of all that new-born State opened upon him. Holley really wanted to make a university, not to build up a sect. But he was dissatisfied, and resigned the presidency. He intimated to his friends here that he would like to return. He did leave Lexington, established himself in New Orleans, and took measures there for opening a school. But some of his friends in Boston wrote to him that a new church would be built at the South End. Probably with some expectation of being its minister, he sailed from New Orleans to Boston in the summer of 1827. These friends of his joined in the new movement; and from each of these three circles may be found members in the early business-meetings of our society.

As early as April 19, 1825, the first meeting was held to take into consideration the erection of a new church in the southern part of the city. It is worth notice that this was on the public anniversary of the

battle of Lexington, which was that day celebrated with the enthusiasm which belongs to the end of half a century. Alden Bradford, the former secretary of the Commonwealth, was chosen chairman, and Henry H. Fuller secretary. This meeting appointed a committee of ten to make inquiry relative to the necessity and expediency of such a church. On this committee were Thomas Brewer, Stephen Fairbanks, John Doggett, Luke Baldwin, William Read, John P. Thorndike, Abraham W. Fuller, Parker Fowle, Henry Hatch, and Gerry Fairbanks. This committee drew the circular from which I have already quoted. It is simple, and well drawn. It says that "a society of Congregationalists of liberal views may be formed, in consequence of the increased and increasing population in the vicinity of Boylston Market, without making inroads upon those already established." The circular intimates that pecuniary aid may be received from persons who expect no pecuniary advantage, solely for the purpose of encouraging the erection of another place of worship for those of the Congregational persuasion,

"who, we rejoice to believe, are increasing among us, and whose religious sentiments are so much in unison with the genius and nature of our free civil institutions." This remark belongs to the day on which the meeting was held and the appeal prepared. A subscription-paper was annexed to the circular, which provides for a subscription, in shares of a hundred dollars, for "A new Congregational church for the accommodation of Christians of liberal sentiments in the vicinity of Boylston Market."

All this movement was undoubtedly stimulated by the vigorous movements of Orthodox New England in its attempts to reconvert Boston. My distinguished friend, Dr. Edward Beecher, has lately given a spirited narration of these attempts in his half-century sermon at Park Street, in language which I should find little occasion to change. The Hanover-street Church was built for Dr. Lyman Beecher; and was dedicated on the 1st of March, 1826. The Salem-street Church was organized Sept. 1, 1827. The Green-street Church was organized Oct. 25, 1826. The Union Church had been

gathered as early as 1822. These were the new Orthodox congregations. On the Liberal side the Bulfinch-street Church had been founded in 1822; the Chambers-street Church and that in Purchase Street, in 1825. And while our church was formed for the benefit of "Christians of liberal sentiments near Boylston Market," equally earnest efforts were going forward for the benefit of "Christians of the Congregational persuasion" near Boylston Market, who would *not* claim to be of liberal sentiments. These efforts resulted in the dedication of the Pine-street Church, now the Berkeley-street Church, on Christmas Day, 1827, — a little more than a month before the completion of ours. And, as I have thus spoken of them as being built in a sort of rivalry, I may as well say that they have always lived together in perfect harmony. When their church was burned, we were happy to offer ours for their use. The pastors have always been intimate friends; and at this hour I believe these two are the largest Protestant churches in this city, of those which occupy their own houses for religious worship, and do not meet in the large halls at the centre of the town.

Through the whole of our history, from 1825 to this time, I suppose that the word "Unitarian" does not appear anywhere on our official records in connection with the name of the church. Our ministers have always been active members of the Unitarian Association; but to them and to the church the word "Unitarian" has always meant simply the purest form of Christianity that they could find. Nor has there ever been any reason why persons of any Christian communion — from the Roman Catholic on one side, to the most extreme Quaker on the other — should not unite with us if they wished to do so.

Under such auspices a subscription was begun in 1825 for funds to build a church. It did not at first succeed; but it was renewed in 1827. The neighborhood of Boylston Market is no longer spoken of: the limit is simply "in the southern part of the city." One hundred and fifty shares, at a hundred dollars each, were subscribed for; a small part only by the South-End people, and the larger part, I think, by the assistance of the association to which I have referred. Incorporation of

these subscribers was procured, and a lot of land purchased from parties who were represented by Mr. Cyrus Alger. This was the site of the old church, at the corner of Castle Street. The land cost ten thousand dollars, — a little more than a dollar a foot. A plan for a church was furnished by Mr. T. W. Sumner, which they hoped to build for thirteen thousand dollars. But Mr. Sumner never liked to be called the architect, so much was his plan changed in the frugal necessities of building. They allowed thirty-five hundred dollars for contingencies, and thus expected to pay for church and land with twenty-seven thousand dollars. The building committee appointed as a subcommittee Mr. Marsh, Mr. Emery, and Mr. Hunting; and most zealously they did their work. They sub-let the work in contracts to men who would take pews in part pay: so that house was not a bad specimen of co-operative labor. Thus our dear friend Mr. Byram made the framing and casing of the windows, and subscribed for one share. He was always proud of telling the story. One gallery was built by one firm,

and the other by another rival firm; half the pews on the floor by one contractor, and the other half by another: but, of these four firms, each took three pews. The gutters were paid for in pews, and a quarter part of the cupola. Of one hundred and sixty pews in the church, twenty were thus disposed of. The land and building cost eventually $33,881.66; the furniture and fixtures, $1,693.60. Thirty-three years afterwards, when we removed hither, the land and building were sold to Harvard College for thirty-six thousand dollars, — an advance of twenty-one hundred and eighteen dollars on what they cost the society.

So far as the founders of the church hoped for the prestige which it would gain from the ministry of Dr. Holley, they were disappointed. On his return from Kentucky to Boston he died of yellow-fever on ship-board, in the Gulf of Mexico. On the 7th of August, 1827, his friends here laid the corner-stone of the church, with fervent prayer, and with high hopes that he would soon join them. But, a week before that

day, his body had been buried in the sea, though they did not then know of their disappointment. In his death is to be found the reason why so many of those who had joined in the original plans for the church never joined afterwards in its worship. They were interested on his account only, and never became members of the congregation. It was therefore, almost without exception, the South-Enders, and, I may say, the South-Enders of the highest power, — the South-Enders of the South-Enders, — who, with the help of their South Boston allies, organized the church. Without waiting for the completion of the building, they met Sundays for religious services in a little hall in the third story of a house between Castle and Orange Streets, on Washington Street. It was removed when the grade of Shawmut Avenue was changed: it never could have held a hundred people. The services there were maintained by students from the Divinity School, and by such of the Boston preachers as were disengaged.

The old legend, which many of you have heard, was,

that the building committee built the walls of the church till their money was spent, and then put on the roof; and this is familiarly given as the cause of a somewhat truncated aspect of the edifice. But this is purely mythical. The restriction from the beginning was, that the committee should use "the most economical plan possible." It is true that Mr. Sumner had proposed a ceiling which should rise in arches from the four sides, and that for this was substituted the flat ceiling which we remember.

The committee arranged for a dedication on the 30th of January; and Dr. Channing agreed to preach. His name was printed on the programme for the services. But, as sometimes happened, his health failed him just when he was needed most; and, at the last moment, Mr. Henry Ware, jun., took his place. His son, Mr. John Ware, read this sermon to us again in the old church on the first Sunday of 1862, — the last Sunday when we met in that building. The services were largely attended. The day was fine: the music, performed by a large choir, was acceptable; and Mr.

Ware's sermon profoundly interesting. The text is, "Sanctify them through thy truth;" and the subject is the value of religious doctrine. Mr. Pierpont led the congregation in the prayer of dedication. There are still living those who joined in the choir that day. The instrumental music was of five pieces, — a bass-viol, a violoncello, two violins, and a clarinet. Among the musical artists who have since won distinction was Miss Charlotte Cushman, then in her twelfth year, unconscious that her after-triumphs were to be those of the stage. Two hymns were written for the occasion, — one by Charles Sprague, chairman of the standing committee; and one by Mr. Pierpont, the friendly minister of their sister-church in Hollis Street. The services were too long for the singing of the second hymn. The first will be sung in our service this afternoon. Both these names — Sprague and Pierpont — are classical in the very short list of our American lyric poets.

The hearty and general enthusiasm of the dedication was followed up with spirit. The Boston ministers

preached for a few Sundays; but, almost immediately, the pulpit was supplied by the students of the senior class in the Divinity School. We have the letters of Mr. R. Waldo Emerson, Mr. Farley, Mr. Thayer, Mr. Whitwell, and Mr. Bascomb, in answer to invitations to preach.[1] But very early in the spring Mr. Mellish Irving Motte had won the interest of the congregation. Of the distinguished South-Carolina family of that name, Mr. Motte had recently left the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and joined our wider communion. The pungency and sometimes quaintness of his address always interested hearers; and the spirit of his delivery, I fancy, riveted attention in the midst of the staid and more familiar Cambridge oratory. The other gentlemen preached each one Sunday. Mr. Motte was soon asked to preach three, and was then at once called to be the minister of the new-formed church.

1 After fifty years, we may be permitted to say that Mr. Emerson, who had at first consented to preach, declined, because of the competition implied in an invitation to five gentlemen together. Indeed, I have heard it said that they were spoken of as "the five."

The modest salary of twelve hundred dollars was offered to him. He accepted the call, and was installed on the 21st of May. At his installation a large council convened and an immense congregation. Those days were simpler than these; and the services began at nine in the morning. Business-men now grudge giving up the business-part of a day for these services; but those men did not so count time. Mr. Pierpont and Mr. Sprague furnished new hymns. Mr. Pierpont's, without his name, is in our hymn-book: it is the hymn No. 37, beginning, "Let there be light." Dr. Channing preached a sermon, which will be found in his published works. One thing may be said of it, which is, perhaps, without precedent and without parallel since, — the society printed it, and sold two editions for one hundred dollars clear profit. With this money the first books for the Sunday school were bought, and the service of plate still used on the communion-table. To that service, the first addition made was in Dr. Huntington's ministry; and the only other addition is the gift, a few years since, of our friends in Hungary,

— of a piece of their ancient plate, made the year after they last drove the Turks from their soil. To mark our cups with the inscription that they were the gift of William Ellery Channing will give new interest to them in the eyes of our children's children.

I am permitted to copy from the diary of the venerable Isaac Child. His note is: "Attend installation-service of Mr. Motte; much talent and truth. The sermon by Dr. Channing."

And the next Sunday: "Hear two most appropriate and instructive discourses from our new pastor; apparently admired by his hearers."

Of such a ministry as Mr. Motte's — covering the establishment of all the institutions of a church, including vigorous and loyal efforts to reduce the debt incurred in building; exhibiting the steady growth of a faithful parish in which were no very rich men, and where everybody was willing to lend a hand — the story is not to be told in five minutes. There are those who hear me who can speak eloquently and kindly of the devotion of Mr. Motte and his admi-

rable wife, and of their success in all the true work of the Christian ministry. The Sunday school was established at once; Mr. Motte the first superintendent. At its first meeting, June 13, there were twenty teachers and seventy children present. The corporation, from the first, regarded the school as its charge, and appropriated the money needed for its support. A body of communicants, consisting of twelve men and twelve women, had united in a simple church covenant the week before the dedication. Early in the history of the church Mr. Motte said, that, in such services as those of the Lord's Supper, the young should wait upon the old; and for a period Mr. Charles Nazro and Mr. Henry James Nazro, then young men just entering manhood, were his assistants at the table; one of these gentlemen, in his youth, thus performing the service, which, since the death of our senior deacons, he has often performed in late years.

In the administration of charity, on the 13th of March, 1833, one hundred and twenty-eight ladies united in forming the "South Friendly Society." Its object was

then, as it is now, broader than that of a sewing-club which makes clothing for the poor. It proposed the relief, especially, of sick and aged persons. It arranged, in the outset, for visiting within the regions south of Kneeland and Eliot Streets. From that day to this it has extended its usefulness, — sometimes spreading a tent on the banks of the Tennessee River, and sometimes teaching children to read in the valleys of the higher Rocky Mountains. It is recollected, that when the ladies met for the first time, and discussed the great question of a name, they left the decision to their minister, who was in his study. He wrote "South Friendly Society" on a slip of paper, and sent it down. That "lot," or "oracle" as the Bible would have called it, should have been preserved.

The church bought its land subject to a mortgage of eighty-five hundred dollars. The sale of its pews, at first, yielded only about half the cost of the land and building. As early as April, 1832, the various debts thus arising amounted to twenty-six thousand dollars. At that time a very spirited subscription,

headed by Mr. Cyrus Alger with five thousand dollars, reduced this debt to $5,802.50. The society still had pews which were valued at $7,095. This debt, with enlargements from various causes, hung as a burden upon the church until 1849, when the corporation disposed of all its pews to individuals; and thus the bold adventure of the beginning was, after nineteen years, to be pronounced successful.

I must not attempt to read the notes (curious and sometimes amusing) which I have collected on the arrangements for the music. Many members of this church were interested members of the Handel and Haydn Society, which was founded in 1815. After three years, in which the instruments were such as I have named, an organ was bought, formerly the property of the Handel and Haydn Society; and this was used for fifteen or twenty years more. The choir was conducted in Mr. Motte's time by Mr. Samuel Davis, and afterward by our friend of to-day, Mr. John G. Roberts.

But I must not linger on those details of our infancy. After fifteen years of a faithful ministry Mr. Motte

resigned. This afternoon, perhaps, he will tell us why. He had done the boldest thing a young minister can do, — he had taken the charge of a church heavily in debt. A loyal parish, fond of him and true to him, had nearly relieved itself of this obligation. I think he thought he had done his share, and I think he was right. Once in that time he had asked relief for six months, that he might travel for his health: for the rest he was at his post in all the details of the endless duty of building up a church in a new part of the town.

With very little hearing of candidates, the parish called as his successor Mr. Frederic Dan Huntington as soon as he left the Divinity School; and he was ordained Oct. 19, 1842. I like to look on one or two of the early pictures of his fresh face in those days, and wonder that he and I ever looked so young. We were near and intimate friends. But I am not afraid that friendship will make me overstep any line in speaking of his successful ministry. I think my brethren in the profession here would acknowledge that all of our churches here took a step forward in those years. I

think they would own that the days of simply ethical preaching, of preaching on what are called practical subjects of demeanor and behavior, gave way in those years, in our pulpit, to the more intense and eager preaching which is not satisfied until the whole man is quickened, and his whole life is fired. And I think that the generation of men now in the pulpit, who are old enough, would say, that, for this region, Mr. Huntington, though he was so young, was a leading man in this revival. At the same time he was an organizer, as he has always been. I have been told, that in college he was called in joke the "major-general;" and I can well believe it. He did not mean to do all the work of a church himself, active and eager though he was: he meant to have its members work, and, where he led the way, they followed loyally. To him as much as to any man Boston owes the systematic arrangement of the Provident Association for the relief of the poor, set on foot, I believe, by Rev. Charles F. Barnard of Warren-street Chapel and his friends in the southern wards, and afterwards enlarged to take in all the city. To him more

than to any other man does the Unitarian Association owe its efficiency as a book-publishing association in the line of work in which it has succeeded best. In the same spirit he set on foot our Board of Charities here, which has worked on his plans from that day to this. In his time our connection with the Benevolent Fraternity was so developed as to give to that institution new life. He said one day to this parish, that, if the Fraternity was worth any thing, it was worth more than the driblet we then gave it. He proposed we should give a thousand dollars that year. The parish agreed with him, raised the money, and gave it. Such a thing had never been heard of in the Fraternity's annals. The rich down-town churches had hardly dreamed of such lavishness; and here this little church of yesterday — this South-End church, built, nobody knew where, and nobody knew by whom — had out-told them all. It wakened all the dead bones; and from a revenue of a few thousands, from that hour to this the Benevolent Fraternity has considered twelve thousand dollars as its legitimate annual income, — as it is. I think it

is mere justice to Mr. Huntington to say that this was his way. If a thing were worth doing, it were worth doing well.

Nor can I express the grief, mingled with rage, nor the rage, not tempered with grief, when Harvard College — which always strikes high, and always means to get the best — put her hand on this man for her own. Never was a ministry more successful than his had been for fourteen years. The church was full; its debt was paid; the charities were admirably administered; the Sunday school was in perfect order. More than this, — oh, so much more than this! — hearts had found living food here that had hungered and thirsted elsewhere. Poor, weary birds, that had been tossed and ruffled under hard gales outside, had taken shelter under these branches, and found rest. Here were those who had heard no peace elsewhere, and who had found it here. Here were voices pleading with God, and finding answer, who had not known how to plead before. Here was sin repentant and forgiven. Here were exiles who had been lost, and

were found. Here were those who were all alone in a strange city, and in this church, in its fellowship and in its minister, had found companionship and a new life.

There was no whisper or thought of dissatisfaction. The bolt which fell was from a clear sky. But the college had received a new endowment. Miss Plummer of Salem had endowed a professorship, of which the incumbent was to be the minister and spiritual friend of the students. It was the professorship of the heart, and not of the head, she said. The college had before asked Dr. George Putnam to accept a similar position, — by all odds the first among our preachers. It was said he would accept; and all Harvard men were delighted. Those were just the days when Thomas Arnold's life made us feel how large a place religion takes in the conduct of such schools. But Dr. Putnam declined. Still, that the college corporation asked him, was to say they thought — and I think all men agreed with them — that this spiritual oversight of hundreds of the picked young men

of New England, at the critical epoch of their life, was the first honor to which a New-England clergyman could be called, and, probably, the first duty. Dr. Putnam was Mr. Huntington's near friend. I do not doubt Mr. Huntington had urged him to accept that post. When a similar one, with only larger opportunities, was offered to him, in turn, he accepted it. All the world that loved the college was delighted, except the South Congregational Church. I remember just the same thing in 1830, when Harvard College called Mr. Palfrey from Brattle Street. I think no person was angry with Mr. Huntington: but, as I say, for the college there was anger; in the church there was grief. How, indeed, was that place ever to be filled?

Nor was it ever filled. It is very, very seldom that men's places are filled. Nearly a year wore by; and, quite by accident, I preached in the old pulpit, and was asked to settle here. I remember saying at the time, that, if ever two men were unlike, they were Mr. Huntington and I. And I remember our dear

friend, so lately gone from us, Dr. Edward Clarke, said that this was no harm. He said, "You ministers are always thinking of your theology. Now, this parish thinks that Mr. Huntington was quite in earnest in what he said in the pulpit, and it thinks you are. That is the whole." There never were wiser words, nor words which better expressed the relations of a minister to his people. A call to a minister gives him an honorable chance to show what he is fit for. That is all. No parish can make him more than he is, though unkindness or meanness or neglect may make him less. You can keep the water of a fountain below its level; but you cannot raise it higher. Because Dr. Clarke said these words to me I came here; and when I came — why, I began one and twenty happy years.

Of those years, again, the history cannot be told in the minutes that are left us. Why should I try? Many of us remember the whole. I could speak of it with almost as little difficulty as of Mr. Motte's or Mr. Huntington's pastorate. For, as you will bear

me witness, I have tried in these one and twenty years to make you feel that it is the congregation, the church in the broad sense of the word, which wins these victories, or suffers these reverses, and not the minister. I have always taught you that the duties of a priest in the Romish system devolve on a congregation in our system, and not on its minister alone. I should be untrue to the congregation if I did not say, that, in its experience of fifty years, it has learned that lesson well. I mean, that, when I came here, I found a real person, — who lived and moved, and had a being, — whose name was "the South Congregational Church." I found men, women, boys, and girls, who were loyal to that church. I found that that church had a character, had personality and life; and this day her character is worth more than any man's character, in so far that her personality can achieve more than any man's personality, and her life will outlive any man's life. This ideal church is not, in our case, a mere figment of the law. You are all conscious of the sway which she can exert; nay,

most of you are conscious of her power over you. For certain visible duties of charity over a certain region of this town this church is responsible. In certain grave duties of missions to the end of the earth this church is responsible. For hospitality to strangers who may come to live in our borders this church is responsible. And for a duty and a pleasure more solemn and more glad, infinitely more than are either of these, — for the exquisite communion of man with God in the ecstasy of worship, as father and children, children and father, meet fondly here, in song, in prayer, or in silence, — for this best gift of all, this church is responsible. I should be false indeed if I did not say that I thought she had humbly and loyally met her responsibility.

It was in the period of Mr. Huntington's ministry that this part of the town became another place from what it was; for two physical improvements, made by far-seeing men who had to press them in the face of much opposition, so changed this whole region, for near a mile each way from where we are, that it is no

longer a pasture for cows, or a desert for sportsmen, but is the best built section of Boston, laid out with most system, and containing a larger number of the best classes of her people than any other region of the same area. These two physical improvements were the raising the grade of the streets above the old level of the marsh, and the introduction of pure water from Cochituate. The first, the raising the street-level, was forced on the city by the crossing of the Worcester Railroad at Tremont Street. Although the conservatives of that day struggled to keep Tremont Street down, and to have what is called a "grade-crossing" there, more far-sighted views prevailed after discussion. The higher level of the other streets followed immediately, and all the advantages which that change gave for a better drainage and better houses than were possible on the level. But nobody could have lived here without water to drink. The pure water of Cochituate was introduced; and then the South End was changed, almost as by enchantment. The emigration from other parts of

the city was marvellous. Since I came here, I remember one Thanksgiving party in this part of the town, at which met members of eleven families residing here, all of whom, twelve months before, had lived in the northern ward of all.

Without trying to follow the details in the home-like annals of such duties, let me adopt a suggestion which has been made to me, and try to show to the younger half of this audience what a church like this did in the war. There is nothing distinctive about it. Every church took hold in this way. But this illustrates what I mean when I say that a church has its duties quite beyond and outside a minister's; and its history should not be the biography of the pastor merely, but the record of its own work, prayer, and life. We had the news that Fort Sumter was fired upon on Sunday. I was at Portland, ill with a heavy influenza. I returned to find our church-vestries crowded with the women of the congregation, who had met to provide flannels and other clothing for the soldiers, as soon as Gov.

Andrew had ordered out the Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth Regiments to move in twenty-four hours for Washington. Ladies sent down their sewing-machines, and went to work them. In our archives is the receipt from the Commonwealth for the clothing which three days' work furnished at that time. Those three days, I think, were the 16th, 17th, and 18th of April. They began a series of army work which did not end until Dec. 22, 1865. On that day Gov. Andrew ordered a parade of our veteran regiments to bring their tattered banners home to the State House. I noticed, as I read my morning paper, that the column would pass our church. I sent to Mrs. Tilton, who was at the head of our Tea-committee, to ask if the Friendly Society could give the boys coffee. She thought they could; and, when the column passed that cold morning, a thousand or two soldiers drank their hot coffee as they passed us, and took our last benediction as five years of war and its consequences went by. For we dedicated this new church in the first year of

the war, and painted "Glory to God in the Highest" on the walls, — the true Unitarian motto, the beginning of the gospel. On the day when Richmond fell and the war ended, the committee on the house sent for the painter, and bade him add, what we had no heart to paint before, — "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men."

Well, between those beginnings and those ends, the organizations of the church were in daily activity for the support of the army, the relief of its sick, the care of prisoners and refugees, and the education of freedmen. The first teachers who went to Port Royal to teach blacks were my assistant and one of our Sunday-school teachers.[1] The flannel shirts on the company who fell martyrs at Shiloh in the gray of the morning, and saved that day for the nation, were made in this vestry. The young men who first appeared in charge of a hospital-steamer after the horrors of that eventful battle, were young physicians from this church, who had with them supplies which you had forwarded.[2]

[1] Rev. Charles E. Rich and Mr. George N. Boynton.

[2] Dr. John Green and Dr. Abram Wilder.

The editor of the first newspaper published in a rebel prison was one of our boys, who had volunteered the first day, and had been taken prisoner at Bull Run.[1] The news of the horrors of the second Bull Run came on Sunday morning. Ladies did not go home from the church, but staid in the vestries to tear bandages, to pack boxes and see them forwarded by the right expresses. I have given notices from the pulpit here, that hospital-attendants were needed by the Sanitary; and men have started the same evening on service which lasted for years. We once had from Richmond a private intimation of methods by which Union officers could be supplied with home stores. We needed a hundred and ten private letters written to as many Northern homes: I told the ladies of my class this; and the long letters were written and posted before night. I think — but am not certain — that the only ether and chloroform which came to the hospital in Richmond where Union officers were treated in the spring of 1864 was boxed and sent from this church. I know I superintended the packing of two or three boxes

[1] Mr. George E. Bates of the Fifth Regiment.

of playing-cards for our own hospitals at that time. All this time the system was going forward by which we forwarded the stores to hospitals, and even regiments, which exigencies outside the regulations suddenly required. And, when you go beyond what was physically done within these walls, there is no end to such stories. Men and women gave money like water. The words "public spirit," the "public breath," got an interpretation and meaning they have never lost. God grant they never may!

Thus much for what the church did for those who were fighting the battles. The list of our young men who went to fight them, beside those who served in the Sanitary Association and in the hospitals and schools, contains fifty-four names. I find three generals, three colonels, seven captains, besides officers of other grades, in that number. Of the fifty-four, seven were killed in battle; and we must remember them among our martyrs. One regiment, the Forty-fourth Massachusetts,[1] took, I think, sixteen of my boys.

[1] We print in a note at the end of this volume the hasty list, made one morn-

Think what an education this was for us all! I remember saying, when one of the last quotas was to be filled, that I would preach of nothing but the duties of the war till the quotas were filled; that, when the young men tired of going, I would go myself, and leave them to do the preaching. Nor did I preach of any thing else for that time. When things seemed to look blackest, President Lincoln used to proclaim a Fast; and such a Fast came on the 4th of August, 1864, in the middle of dog-days. Everybody of the congregation was out of town. But I came into town to the service; and I stood up here to preach from the text, "Kingdom shall be divided against kingdom, and nation against nation. But he that endureth to the end shall be saved." As I gave out the text, Mr. Sargent brought me a telegram. I said to myself, "If it is bad news, it may wait: if it is good news, I can wait." I

ing a little before the close of the war, of the young men of the church who personally shared in it. It is undoubtedly incomplete; but it will show how wide is the range of such service. One of the major-generals in our list used to flatter me by saying that I taught him the "manual of arms." — E. E. H.

laid the telegram by my side, unopened, and preached the sermon. After the service, I opened it to read that a steamer was on its way to Boston, with a large number of black women, — emancipated slaves, refugees from their homes in the South. We were requested to have homes ready for fifty such persons. I went down stairs to find already in my room members of the Freedmen's Committee, who had that matter in charge; and, when that steamer arrived at Central Wharf the next Sunday afternoon, why, the roadway on Central Wharf was blocked with carriages of people competing with each other who might take these outcasts to their homes. I could tell a thousand such stories. It was all the outcrop of healthy national feeling. But it worked largely through the forms of church-life and church-organization. Literally there was not a day from the 15th of April, 1861, till the beginning of 1866, but this church, in its organisms as a church, was at work for the soldier and for the country. And any man who wants to learn what are in America the relations of Church and State could not learn it better than by studying the work of our churches in the war.

A good illustration in what is pure home-life, such as surrounds us every day, has been in the growth and in the work of the Christian Unity Society, so long connected with the church, and still meeting in the chapel owned by this congregation. In the winter of 1857 Mr. Charles J. Bishop and Miss Esther Maria Simonds of this church, observing two little boys in the Sunday school ill at ease, because they really needed other training than what was given to the children of the parish, — in fact, could not read well, — organized a separate school for the children of the neighborhood, whose parents could not or would not come to church. The school throve. Its teachers came into personal intercourse with the children and their parents. People enough were found who would gladly join in worship and in mutual help, if they could do so with simple arrangements and at small expense. The Christian Unity met the purposes of such people. It was an association of mutual help of whatever kind. From its meetings Sunday evening, in our old vestry, it grew to need larger quarters.

Eventually its friends, mostly in this church, built for it the chapel in Gloucester Place and Harrison Avenue. From its work there has been developed a good deal of the best work now done in the State. The public drawing-schools are the result of its great drawing-schools. The Evening High School of Boston grew from its great evening classes in Latin, French, German, and the mathematics. Some of us think that the Boston Christian Union, in its admirable development of late years, took its start from the impulse given there. The system, now general, of co-operative life-insurance by the members of societies, was tried, perfected, and brought into working-order there, and the proper legislation secured for its continuance. In twenty years of our history there is no series of efforts of which we might be more proud.

Meanwhile, in the year 1860, the most enterprising members of our number felt sure that we needed a larger and better church-edifice. I know I dreaded the change. I had always said I would never be the minister of a congregation which was building a church. That is

one of a great many foolish things which I have said and had to unsay. The congregation determined to build, and was ready to build when the war struck the country. But we had put our hand to the plough. Woe to him that turns back! On the 8th of June, in the midst of war and rumors of war, we laid the corner-stone.

> "Unless the Lord shall build the house,
> They build in vain who lay the stone:
> O Father! build our humble pile,
> And make thy children's work thine own."

With promptness unparalleled this beautiful church was finished in seven months, and dedicated on the evening of Jan. 8, 1862. For the first time we used a responsive service in the church; and, after reading the selections which we read together this afternoon, the congregation who had built it, with united voices dedicated it, —

> To the glory of God our Father,
> To the gospel and memory of his Son,
> To the communion and fellowship of his Spirit.

The prayer of dedication was offered by Dr. Lothrop. The chairman of the building committee made an address, and I preached a sermon. We sang again the hymns written for the first dedication.

But I need say nothing of our life and habit of to-day. It is the history of another generation, not of this, of which I have tried to speak. For the future, let us pray for such unbroken harmony as we have always known, that the traditions of the fathers may have their full weight with the children, and that children and children's children, like the generation on the stage to-day, may loyally and manfully take the work of the church on their own shoulders, and never sink to throw it upon their minister's. I can tell such anecdotes as I have told of the exterior history of the church; but who can speak rightly of its inner life? If it is true of a Christian man, however simple and godly, that he has no religion "to speak of," how much more will this be true of a Christian church? The moment it professes its Christianity, let it remember to confess its shortcomings. Confession

more than profession brings it close to God. No methods, no organizations, are going to help us, unless the living Spirit of the living God inspire us. For this is not a club, a society, or corporation for mutual improvement only: it is a Church; that is to say, it is a union of men and women, youths, maidens, and little children, a union of saints and sinners, a union of wise and foolish, who want to come nearer to God, and better to serve him. So their prayers be earnest, so their humility be true, so they use what faith they have, if they seek God, surely they will find him. So they seek him, so they find him, all else will follow, — their charities will be well enough organized, their welcome will be more and more cordial, their finances will adjust themselves in response to faithful effort, their devices of whatever kind to tone up the community in which they live will meet God's blessing and reward. But if they hope or try to "run the church," as the carnal say, as a man might "run a lyceum" or a factory, if they have any mere human plans for human success, it is certain that they are all destined to absolute failure.

This church has prospered from its very infancy, because it has always been more than any of these things that I have named. It has been more than a school of instruction. It has been more than a lyceum for oratory. It has been more than a club for society. It has been more than an association for charity. First, second, and last, it has been a *church* where men and women sought to come nearer God by such struggles, such mutual help, such prayers and meditations, such symbols and offices, as from hour to hour God opened before them. "Nearer, my God, to thee." But they have not done this selfishly. They have tried to serve the brother whom they saw while they tried to worship the God whom they did not see. With the love with which they love God they have tried to love their brethren also.

This congregation is larger at this moment than it ever was. Its charities are more efficient. Its Sunday school teaches more classes of learners. Its contributions are larger. And never has it conceived a service more cordial than to-day's. But these may be only

things; for these belong to the outside. Our real prosperity, our life and strength, are in our faith, our hope, and our love. God grant us, with each day, that we come nearer to him! God grant that the gospel of glad tidings may speak to us each day more simply! God grant, that, in the inspiration of our daily lives, we may know what the Holy Spirit is! Thus may we learn to bear every man his brother's burdens, and so fulfil the whole law of Christ. On such nearness to God does the prosperity of our church depend for the next half-century and for centuries and centuries to come. God grant it in his infinite love!

"May He be with us as He was with our fathers!"

THE corner-stone of the first Meeting House was laid on the morning of Tuesday, Aug. 7, 1827, in presence of a large number of persons. Mr. Charles Sprague read the inscription on the silver plate, which, with various publications of the day, was placed in a leaden box to be deposited under the corner-stone. Rev. Samuel Barrett led the assembly in fervent prayer. The corner-stone was then laid. After that ceremony, Rev. John Pierpont delivered an eloquent address.

The plate under the stone bears the following inscription: —

"THE LORD OUR GOD IS ONE LORD."

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY.

This Stone

LAID ON THE 7TH DAY OF AUGUST, A.D. 1827.

BUILDING COMMITTEE.

EPHRAIM MARSH.	*JOSIAH F. FLAGG.*
THOMAS BREWER.	*HENRY H. FULLER.*
WALTER CORNELL.	*HENRY HATCH.*
JOSEPH D. EMERY.	*THOMAS HUNTING.*

BENJAMIN STEVENS.

TREASURER.	SECRETARY.
ELISHA COPELAND, JR.	*ROBERT T. PAINE.*

ARCHITECT.

THOMAS W. SUMNER.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, President of the United States.

LEVI LINCOLN, Governor of Massachusetts.

JOSIAH QUINCY, Mayor of Boston.

On the afternoon of Feb. 3, 1878, the church was filled in every part by an assembly of the present parish and of those who had formerly been connected with it. The church was richly decorated with flowers, the gifts of members of the congregation, and other friends.

The service began at three o'clock, Rev. S. W. Bush offering prayer.

The minister and congregation read the selections from Scripture alternately; being nearly the same selections as those used in the dedication of this Church.

A large choir, under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang, the chorister of the church, then sung the chorus, the solo, and semi-chorus which introduces Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise; and the service then proceeded in prayer, in which Rev. William Pitt Tilden led the congregation. The service was continued in the successive parts of the Hymn of Praise, and in addresses, historical and congratulatory, by Rev. Messrs. Hale, S. K. Lothrop, J. F. W. Ware, and J. H. Morison.

It is impossible to give in words an adequate account of the grandeur of the performance of that inspired music, so perfectly adapted to express the gratitude and gladness of the occasion.

On Monday evening, Feb. 4, a large party of the present and past members of the congregation met in the vestry for mutual congratulation.

Rev. Mr. Motte, at the last moment, found himself unable to attend, but sent the cordial expression of his warm congratulation and sympathy. Mr. Hale read the following letter from Dr. Huntington: —

SYRACUSE, Jan. 23, 1878.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — Returning from a long journey, I am too late in answering your very kind note of the 10th. The dear old "South Congregational"! — not so old as I am, and not much older than you are, and likely to live longer than either of us. We have both done what we could, in our several ways, to add to its life. May God accept whatever in our service was right, and pardon the rest! There must be a few in the parish who would recognize me if I could stand up before them at the semi-centennial; and they would say, "His head has grown white, however it may be with his theology." I wish you would thank them for taking the advice I gave them when I went away, and calling you to follow me. That was the last of a long and thick succession of most gracious and judicious compliances with my wishes. Their building went to Rome; and their minister went — whither he thought God called him; but their prosperity seems never to have

forsaken them. How many honored and dear names I could mention of those who were with me from the beginning! And how much could be said of them! Give my love to all the children and kindred of all those who have fallen asleep.

After my absence, I find my duties and engagements for a month will not allow me to go to Boston. I beg you to send me a published account of your doings and sayings, and to believe me sincerely and faithfully,

Your friend,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

At a meeting of the South Friendly Society, on its anniversary, March 13, the following letter was received from Dr. Huntington: —

SYRACUSE, March 11, 1878.

MY DEAR MRS. ANDREWS, — What a nice thing it is to grow old, when the mere lapse of time sets free all the fountains of friendliness and good will! Why should we be afraid of old age when it mellows the heart, and re-unites brothers who had been parted by the parting of their ways, and even commissions a tender and loving shepherdess to go after and win back the fugitive shepherd who once worked himself out of the arms of the kindest and most patient of flocks, and ran away across Cambridge

Bridge — and farther too! It will make you willing by and by, when the time comes, to be fifty years old yourself.

I have been rummaging both my brains and my repositories of old papers to find something of a little value to send you. Both are sadly unequal to the demand: so I go to another quarter, another treasure-house; and there, in my heart, I find offerings and memorials, words and keepsakes, enough. They are immaterial and impalpable; they would not make even a "pound package;" no auctioneer could get a bid for them: but they are of great worth to the owner. No arithmetic could count them. I have been sitting here this evening, in my study, pulling them out, and looking at them, and turning them over, and congratulating myself on my antiquarian wealth. Among them I see names written, clear, and not faded much; names of noble and faithful women not a few, of true and honorable men, — Reed, Nazro, Ellis, and Everett, Brigham, Alger, Boyd, and Williams, Carter, Darling, Marsh, Clarke, and Howard, Kidder, Tinkham, Allen, Coleman, Brooks, Hubbard, Eustis, Motte, Hooper, Tyler, Dutton, Torrey, Bishop, Hatch, Hoffman, Sullivan, Hale, Weld, Child, Palfrey, Newell, Gay, Wood, Seaver, Skinner, Eliot. But I am afraid to commit myself to a complete catalogue, lest some one or two as precious as any should be left out. For any thing that I have done in this world I owe a great deal to them all. Out of that well-kept and secret magazine I send you all cordial salutations and unchanged love.

Somehow it must have escaped observation, I am sure, that Mrs. Huntington was in the successions of presidents, holding the office a little while, perhaps a year, — just before the election of Mrs. Reed. Matters had got into a tangle (they never do so now, because Mr. Hale never lets you be naughty); and, to tide the boat over the rapids, my wife, as a new-comer and of no party, — a young bride, suffering so much from diffidence in the presence of her elders, that she will never forget it, — was placed at the helm. She wishes me to give her affectionate remembrance to all who remember her.

The "South Friendly" grew friendlier and friendlier, but was, I think, never quite so friendly as when she set up a kitchen in the Old South Congregational, intermixing biscuits with patch-work, tea and coffee with knitting-needles, and the rattle of cups and saucers with the music of many tongues. Her warm drinks dissolved all jealousies with the sugar, and sweetened them at the same time.

In his sermon at the anniversary, your minister spoke of the great services of the parish in the war. I enclose, as a slight curiosity, two manuscripts picked up by a brave soldier, a graduate of Harvard College, where they had been dropped by some fleeing parsons near Beaufort, brought home to us, illustrating the economy, if not the eloquence, of the Southern pulpit in those sad times.

As probably some of the children or grand-children of the Old Lady may wonder how this man looks who once used to drop in to spend an evening with her, I venture to enclose a copy of his phiz, and am, my dear friend, trusting you will always be in the future as in the past, "friendly" to the friendless,

With love and obedience yours,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

THE SERMONS OF OUR FATHERS.

[This discourse was read by Mr. Hale Feb. 10, 1878.]

"He led them forth by the right way." — Ps. cvii. 7.

IT is difficult for one generation to judge fairly the sermons of another; for a living sermon, from the very conditions of its existence, is addressed, first of all, to the needs of the moment when it speaks. It does not speak to the past; it does not speak to the future; it speaks now. It has happened, indeed, that some great preachers have themselves so changed the world to which they spoke, that no amount of digging or delving afterwards can fully reconstruct, even for history, the set order of stratifications which such men disturbed. Such preachers were Paul, were Bernard in France, Luther in Germany, Davidis in Hun-

gary, the Wesleys and Whitefield in England, and Channing in New England; and it is easier for the boy and girl who hear me to imagine Washington Street a quiet country road between thirty or forty comfortable houses standing in their gardens, with rows of long, deep sheds, in which teamsters from the hill-country let their horses rest, with thousands upon thousands of peaceful pigeons feasting on the lavish corn left in the roadway for their gleaning, — it is far easier to reproduce this picture as an idyl of fifty or sixty years ago than it is to reproduce the moral, the social, and the religious condition of the same Boston as Holley preached to it, and Channing and Ware in those same years. There has been a complete revolution of most men's ideas of religion, — of what it is, and what it is for; or, if you please, an enlargement of those ideas, so wide, and extending so far, that the average religious idea of that time is related to it only as a mustard-seed is related to the tree which grows from it, or as a spark in tinder is related to the beacon-fire which it kindles, and to the

other beacons which are lighted up wherever that fire is seen, and to the joy which is given to a whole land by all their tidings of victory.

There was certainly good preaching in this region in the years before the Revolution, and while the Revolution lasted. The sermons of Mayhew at the West Church have the right stuff in them, as certainly he had. There is a ballad of the time, which speaks of Cooper, the minister of Brattle Street, as —

> "Silver-tongued Sam,
> Who gently glides
> Between both sides,
> And so avoids the jam."

But this must have had a Tory origin. In Cooper's public record he appears the counsellor of Adams, Franklin, and other public men; and his extended correspondence in Europe was of the first value for the popular cause. His sermon in 1780, on the adoption of the Constitution of Massachusetts, was published in several languages in Europe, and is very well worth study to-day. But, after the death of the men of that

school, I think preaching declined in our pulpit. I think that the activity of the country and its best life went into the new channels, especially into the new political life and the new ocean commerce all over the world. So it happened that the men of action got ahead of the preachers in their theology. To say, as the written constitutions began to say, that the State could be trusted to the verdict of the majority was to deny that all men were of nature incapable of good, and that only a miserable handful of the elect are saved by grace. To approach to universal suffrage was to deny general total depravity. Again: to intrust to the people the choice of political rulers was to say that they might be trusted in the choice of ecclesiastical rulers. The people who said that took out the life from all systems of apostolic succession of appointment of bishops from Canterbury or from Rome. It was thus that it happened, that, in fifty years after the battle of Lexington, the religion of this land had passed wholly beyond the control of the old theological systems, although many of their

advocates had not wit enough to know it. It followed, that, wherever in New England the pulpit droned along in weary repetition of forsaken dogma, its utterances were more drowsy and more. They were like the hundred thousandth print struck from a worn-out copperplate, — the whites were not white, and the blacks were not black, and the middle tints were muddy. I doubt if any man in New England this day remembers any sermon published in New England, on a distinctively religious subject, between 1775 and the preaching of the younger Buckminster.[1]

For us in Boston all this was changed with his sermons. Joseph Stevens Buckminster preached in Brattle-street Church from 1805 to 1812. Old people will still tell you of the wholly new delight with which people "went to meeting" to hear any thing that was interesting. They did not yet know that this was a new theology. But it was. For the theology and the religion, which, from the pulpit, directed

[1] I think that the sermons of Dwight and Emmons hardly attracted attention outside their own congregations before 1805.

men's daily lives, which turned from the inscrutable counsels of God to direct the eternal duties of man, were for New England a wholly new theology and a wholly new religion. Men were no longer invited to pry into the seventh heaven; but they saw, that, in very truth, God had made his tabernacle with men. You would search Buckminster's sermons vainly for any formal foundations of what people call a theological system. But in this simple taking for granted that all men are children of God, and that God is here, and not there, is that great liberal theological system which is in all the American political constitutions. People did not know it was a new theology; but they knew they liked to hear the man preach who proclaimed it. They crowded Brattle-street Church while he was its minister; and for that time it is fair to say he was the leader of the Boston pulpit.

Horace Holley, the minister of Hollis-street Church, of whom I spoke here last Sunday, was called there from Greenfield Hill, Conn., because the Hollis-street

people supposed he was a man of the same type. So far as eloquence and courage went, and a living confidence in the divinity of human nature and the present interest of God in the affairs of man, they judged rightly. Holley would never print his sermons; and, with the exception of a funeral discourse preached in Kentucky, I think none of them have ever been published. But the affection of some friend has preserved for us in manuscript a few of them, which Hollis-street Church keeps among its treasures. Through their kindness I have the volume here; and I will read to you a passage now.

It is from a curious sermon, based on his church-record of the year. After speaking of the baptisms of the year, its communion-services, its marriages, its funerals, he says this of the gathering for worship:—

"More than a hundred times have you been assembled, during the last year, in the house of God, in the worship of his name. More than a hundred separate discourses have claimed your attention, and reminded you of your continually diversified duties toward your fellow-creatures, yourselves, and your Maker. The

vices of mankind have been held up to warn you: their virtues have been presented to allure you. The horrors of the former, and the glories of the latter, have been equally pressed upon your minds. You have been called upon to study the state of your hearts, your predominant affections, your motives to action, your peculiar temptations and dangers, your means of escape and improvement, and immense responsibility which your privileges beget. You have had no smooth and playful pictures to deceive you. The course of truth and duty has been shown to be laborious and rugged: it has been contemplated as demanding your best powers and your most solicitous exertions. You have not been perplexed with absurd and mystical dogmas; nor have your hopes been animated with any thing short of actual godliness, — godliness in heart, in head, and in life. The forms of religion have been urged, but not as the end; while they have been strictly maintained as the means. Your affections and your understandings have been equally and earnestly asked for God and mankind. The morning of sabbath after sabbath has dawned upon you, and the evening closed in the milder beams of mercy. Look afar to the new settlements of the West; look still beyond to the roving inhabitants of the wilderness; cross the ocean to the Pagans of the Eastern world; travel through the savage climes of Asia and Africa, and return to your present worship: and then ask if you are not in the very borders of paradise, the

skirts of heaven, surrounded with blessings and enjoyments known only to few, and that demand corresponding excellence. Can you plead that you do not know your duty? that you have not been taught the religion of Christ and his Father? that you have not been warned and invited to possess the promised land? The services of surrounding pastors have been offered you, and humbler efforts have been stationed among you. Let not their united testimony hereafter be raised against you!

"Such, my brethren, are the various considerations which the records of our church for the past year offer to our minds. Each one of us will naturally ask of his own conscience, 'Have I borne fruit to my Almighty Possessor and Protector? When he has visited me in the calls of his providence, have I presented to him barren branches, deceitful leaves, or blossoms filled with promise, but empty of fruit; or have I been active and progressive in religion?' Whatever may be the result of our respective internal examination (which let none but God know), this is, at least, a favor common to us all, — that we are spared to enter upon a new year, and make further proof of the bounty of Heaven.

"In looking forward to the subjects presented in our prospect, you will allow me, my hearers, to be plain and direct. Time will not admit of circumlocution, nor will fidelity justify disguised advice. If ever truth is to be heard, it is to be heard

from the pulpit; if ever reproof may be administered, it may be administered from the pulpit; if ever neglect and error may be plainly shown without offence, it should be from the pulpit. One of the prime blessings of the pulpit is, that it may, with acknowledged impunity, castigate vice, and insist upon virtue. The censor who occupies it may, and often does, receive [require?] as much reproof and salutary correction as those by whom he is employed and commissioned. With these remarks I proceed to contemplate our duties for the coming year, on the very topics that have engaged our retrospection."

Then he passes to consider the duties which might be enjoined from proper study of the purport of baptism, of the communion, of death, of marriage, and of public worship.

I think Dr. Holley would never have been called to Boston unless he had been recognized already as a bold free-thinker. Yet Dr. Eckley of the Old South Church preached the sermon at his installation in 1809. I believe Dr. Joshua Huntington, the next minister of that church, refused to be present at Dr. Pierpont's ordination as Holley's successor in 1819. In those ten years men were trying to draw the lines — which, in

truth, can never really be drawn — between the more and less latitudinarian churches. I suppose that what people call the Unitarian controversy may be said to have begun in this region in the year 1805, with the appointment of Dr. Henry Ware of Hingham to a theological professorship in Harvard College. When his son, Henry Ware, jun., the father of our friend who spoke to us last Sunday, was ordained as minister of the Second Church, the name "Unitarian" was fairly established in controversy; and neither of the Wares hesitated to accept that name. Henry Ware, jun., was active in the formation of the Unitarian Association; and when our church was founded, Dr. Channing being unable to preach, Mr. Ware was most naturally called upon to take his place. I can show you here the manuscript of the sermon he preached that day, which his son kindly gave to us to preserve when he repeated it in the old church sixteen years ago. It is an argument for the importance of public worship. It is from the text, "Sanctify us through thy truth." I should have said that they

would have printed it as a tract at that time, but probably he thought he should publish it more extensively from the pulpit. In fact, as the indorsements show, he often preached it on similar occasions. Let me read to you the concluding appeal from this sermon: —

"Yet this institution, valuable as it is, is far from answering all the purposes for which it is designed. It is slighted, neglected, abused. It were vain to say any thing now to those who neglect it, and will not enter the churches which are erected; though it is altogether inexplicable how they can account themselves innocent in that respect, or fancy that they have any moral right to refuse their attendance.

"If it were only a human institution, no man who regards it as his duty to promote in every possible way the welfare of his soul would have any right to neglect it. But it is not a human institution: it is an appointment of God the Creator. Public worship is just as much his law as honor and industry; and a man has no more right to refuse a part in it than he has a right to refuse to do justly and deal fairly. The looseness with which men think and speak on this subject is amazing. Even many persons who think themselves religiously devoted to God yet seem to fancy that this thing is left entirely at their option,

to be done or not done as expediency or convenience may dictate: whereas it rests on the same immovable obligation with every other duty of society.

"But there are prevalent errors in those who attend public worship which greatly impede its good effects. Some regard it as a measure of expediency, — it is an institution which is to be continued, if properly conducted, for it has a very good influence on society in general: therefore they give it the sanction of their example.

"But what advantage can you derive from such attendance? There is no benefit, there can be no blessing, in going up to God's house for expediency's sake.

"With others it seems a matter of habit: they would not know what else to do with themselves. But they take no religious interest in it, and they never think of it as a religious action. But what good can it do you to bring your bodies, while your souls are roving where they please? What wonder that they are no more benefited than they who are absent in body as well as in mind?

"Others go to the church just as they go to the theatre or to the opera, — for the sake of the enjoyment of the oratory and the music; and of course it follows that they are just as much edified as they would have been at theatre and opera, and are just as acceptable to God. For there is no blasphemy on the stage

or in the streets more disgusting or injurious than that which is uttered by those who talk about the service in God's house in the same tone of levity and criticism with which they speak of the concert and the play.

"To others, again, public worship is useless, because they bring to it a dissatisfied or a prejudiced state of mind. They cannot bear such a preacher, or such a class of doctrine: they prepare themselves to dispute every thing that is said, and to resist every appeal that is made. They thus engage in criticising or contradicting the worship, instead of joining in it. No wonder that *they* are not edified.

"In these and various other ways, how lamentable it is to observe that this institution is so turned from its true purpose!

"What is its purpose? To adore the Almighty, to ask his forgiveness of sin, to supplicate his blessing, — not in outward form, not in elegant words, not in set speeches, but in the heart, with the real feelings, in spirit and in truth. And then, when we see the congregation, in the midst of solemn prayer, in every strange attitude of inattention and irreverence, — some sleeping, and some, as we learn by their conversation afterward, only listening that they may praise or blame, — is this the devotion of true worship?

"When, under the old dispensation, some careless persons offered blind and lame beasts in sacrifice, the indignant priest

broke out in angry rebuke: *Offer it now to thy governor, and see if he will accept it.* And so we may say now, 'Would such demeanor be tolerated in any formal offering of respect to any distinguished man?'

"Who are these that come together in the temples of the land? They are children coming to speak to their Father; sinners, to confess their iniquities, and ask forgiveness; creatures of the dust to supplicate the most high God, in want of every thing from him, for they have nought of themselves. One would think that no sentiments but those of dread, reverence, abasement, and grateful love, would find place at such an hour; that their heart would swell with those emotions, and have room for none other; or that, if any other should intrude for a moment, it would be rejected with sudden horror and shame.

"But, if we may judge of men by appearances, is it so?

"How else is it that men have gone up and confessed their sins to God twice on every sabbath for many years, and not repented, or forsaken them yet?

"And how else that all the holy breath of prayer which has been so solemnly sent up to heaven has left so many just as far from piety as they were years ago?

"How is it that those who have learned of Jesus Christ how near and gracious their Father is, how full of compassion, how

ready to bless, and how great and essential the need of his blessing, who have been invited so tenderly, entreated so earnestly, and, through this unmerited kindness of God, look with hope to another world, — how is it that they can be so thoughtlessly ungrateful as to cast this unworthy contempt on his worship, and, while they rejoice in the hope of an everlasting sabbath with him in heaven, yet do not devote to him their hearts for one sabbath on earth?

"But not such be the worship within these walls. I trust, brethren, that not such will be your attendance here. Remember it is a house of prayer, a rich storehouse of blessings, as I have feebly attempted to show. Use it as such, I beseech you. Understand its full purpose. Be persuaded of its great value. Lend yourselves to it with all your souls. Let your first care be to worship in spirit and in truth. Let contemplation and self-examination be secondary objects. Let your first, and your second, and your third object be to worship: if not, the house which now smiles as if to be a blessing may prove your curse. If it be not a house of prayer, it will prove a house of death. But no, brethren; God grant you — and we trust you shall find — a blessing here; even a house of God, a gate of heaven. May it be to you as a house of public worship is designed to be."

When Mr. Motte was installed, Dr. Channing preached a sermon from the text, —

"God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." It is an answer to the question, —

"Why was Christianity given?" and the answer is, —

"Christ lived, taught, died, and rose again, to exert a purifying and ennobling influence over the human character; to make us victorious over sin, over ourselves, over peril and pain; to join us to God by filial love, and, above all, by likeness of nature, by participation of his spirit."

This sermon, also, belongs in the theological discussions of the day. It seems to me to illustrate admirably Dr. Channing's power. Let me close these reminiscences by reading to you some passages.

"There are those, who, instead of placing the glory of Christianity in the pure and powerful action which it gives to the human mind, seem to think that it is rather designed to substitute the activity of another for our own. They imagine the

benefit of the religion to be, that it enlists on our side an Almighty Being who does every thing for us. To disparage human agency seems to them the essence of piety. They think Christ's glory to consist, not in quickening free agents to act powerfully on themselves, but in changing them by an irresistible energy. They place a Christian's happiness, not so much in powers and affections unfolded in his own breast as in a foreign care extended over him, in a foreign wisdom which takes the place of his own intelligence. Now, the great purpose of Christianity is, not to procure or offer to the mind a friend on whom it may passively lean, but to make the mind itself wise, strong, and efficient. Its end is, not that wisdom and strength as subsisting in another should do every thing for us, but that these attributes should grow perpetually in our own souls. According to Christianity, we are not carried forward as a weight by a foreign agency; but God, by means suited to our moral nature, quickens and strengthens us to walk ourselves. The great design of Christianity is to build up in our own souls a power to withstand, to endure, to triumph. Inward vigor is its aim. That we should do most for ourselves and most for others, this is the glory it confers, and in this its happiness is found.

"I pass to another illustration of the insensibility of men to the great doctrine that the happiness and glory of Christianity

consist in the healthy and lofty frame to which it raises the mind: I refer to the propensity of multitudes to make a wide separation between religion, or Christian virtue, and its rewards. That the chief reward lies in the very spirit of religion, they do not dream. They think of being Christians for the sake of something beyond the Christian character, and something more precious. They think that Christ has a greater good to give than a strong and generous love towards God and mankind, and would almost turn from him with scorn, if they thought him only a benefactor to the mind. It is this low view which dwarfs the piety of thousands. Multitudes are serving God for wages distinct from the service; and hence superstition, slavishness, and formality are substituted for inward energy and spiritual worship.

"I fear I have been guilty of repetition. But I feel the greatness of the truth which I declare, and I desire to make it plain: men need to be taught it perpetually. They have always been inclined to look to Christ for something better, as they have dreamed, than the elevation of their own souls. The great purpose of Christianity — to unfold, and strengthen, and lift up the mind — has been perpetually thrown out of sight. In truth, this purpose has been more than overlooked: it has been reversed. The very religion given to exalt human nature has been used to make it abject. . . .

"My hearers, I close by exhorting you to remember this great purpose of our religion. Receive Christianity as given to raise you in the scale of spiritual being. Expect from it no good, any further than it gives strength and worth to your characters. Think not, as some seem to think, that Christ has a higher gift than purity to bestow, — even pardon to the sinner. He does bring pardon. But once separate the idea of pardon from purity; once imagine that forgiveness is possible to him who does not forsake sin; once make it an exemption from outward punishment, and not the admission of the reformed mind to communion and favor with God, — and the doctrine of pardon becomes your peril; and a system so teaching it is fraught with evil. Expect no good from Christ, except as you are exalted by his character and teaching. Expect no good from his cross, unless a power comes from it strengthening you to bear his cross, to drink his cup with his own unconquerable love. This is its highest influence. Look not abroad for the blessings of Christ: his reign and chief blessings are within you. The human soul is his kingdom: there he gains his victories, there rears his temples, there lavishes his treasures. His noblest monument is a mind redeemed from iniquity, brought back and devoted to God, forming itself after the perfection ofthe Saviour, — great through its power to suffer for truth, lovely through the meek and gentle virtues. No other monument does

Christ desire; for this will endure and increase in splendor when earthly thrones shall have fallen, and even when the present order of the outward universe shall have accomplished its work, and shall have passed away."

After fifty years, these sermons of Channing's stand out among the things which do not die. They fulfil my definition of a sermon, — that it meets the present need. But, in that case, the need was a universal need; and they meet that need to this hour. Read four or five of those sermons, especially those prepared, like this from which I have quoted, for great occasions of controversy, and you understand why all parties have recognized Channing as the Liberal leader. Read his biography; read of his communion with God in his private life, and his struggle and prayer that he might walk with God more closely, — and you learn where his power came from. I think I do no injustice to Buckminster and Holley, and the other prophets of the dawn, when I say that in their sermons was a new theology, but that people did not know it. Now, in Channing's sermons was a new

theology, and people did know it. Those earlier preachers knew very well what they did not believe, and they said it bravely; but Channing knew what he did believe, and he said that too. One fairly shudders, in reading his sermon at Baltimore or at the New-York Dedication, to think that it was necessary to crowd into an hour the advanced thought of a century; to condense into the modes of a sermon the discussions as to God and Christ, and man and duty, and heaven and hell, which make the whole staple of theology. It is hard to imagine the amazement, or the numb rage, of an unfriendly critic who should have heard one of these great discourses, returning home, after the day, to find that every one of the long gallery of his idols had, in its turn, been insulted or thrown over as the calm prophet passed along.

And now I am asked what has been the effect on Boston of the advance which was made when such men spoke, — one wave of which advance was the formation of this congregation. I say again, it was a peaceful revolution, — the outgrowth, if you please, of

the political revolution of a hundred years before, — but a revolution in which were laid again the very foundations of the structures of our daily life. It is a great thing for any people to have their clergy lead in religious reform, — lead a willing people rather than follow an indignant people. And every thing is different in Boston because these men, laymen and clergy, led so bravely. Education is different; science is different; the morals of business are different; the customs of social life are different; ball-room, picture-gallery, bookstore, opera, theatre, and college are different; the preaching of every pulpit is different, and the prayer of every funeral. With every few years I observe a quiver in the dying frame of an old Orthodoxy, as there is some effort made to reconvert us to an abandoned theology. Orthodoxy is always an importation here. The Orthodox divines come to us from Connecticut, or New Jersey, or the South-West: we cannot breed the article. And so some distinguished preacher comes from afar to tell us the error of our ways. Alas! the atmosphere is too bracing.

The end is always the same; and in the end we teach him the error of his. Saul is among the prophets! All such apostles leave us; or stay with us, lights of the freer gospel. It is more decorous, I suppose, not to name living men; but I think it is not needful. Nor do I see that the Roman-Catholic invasion affects the general law. The Protestant population of Boston is about the same, now that three-fifths of this city is Irish in blood, as it was fifty years ago. I believe that the Protestant churches are fuller than they were then. I believe the Orthodox pulpits preach much the same doctrine which the Liberal pulpits preached then; and I believe the Liberal churches were never masters of the situation so thoroughly as now. I think there was never a time when the superstitions which are the curse of religion are so few, and when its life penetrated so thoroughly into every fibre and organ of man's being.

Such blessings we owe to the courage of the fathers. Our only dangers are in the indolence of success. God help us to transmit such blessings to the children.

HYMNS.

HYMNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND CASTLE STREETS, JAN. 30, 1828.

I. — BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

God of wisdom, God of might,
Father, — dearest name of all, —
Bow thy throne, and bless our rite:
'Tis thy children on thee call.
Glorious One! look down from heaven;
Warm each heart, and wake each vow:
Unto thee this house is given;
With thy presence fill it now.

Fill it now. On every soul
Shed the incense of thy grace:
While our anthem-echoes roll
Round the consecrated place;

While thy holy page we read;
  While the prayers thou lov'st ascend;
While thy cause thy servants plead, —
  Fill this house, our God, our Friend.

Fill it now; oh, fill it long!
  So, when Death shall call us home,
Still to thee in many a throng
  May our children's children come.
Bless them, Father, long and late;
  Blot their sins, their sorrows dry;
Make this place to them the gate
  Leading to thy courts on high.

Then, when time shall be no more,
  When the feuds of earth are past,
May the tribes of every shore
  Congregate in peace at last!
Then to thee, thou ONE all-wise,
  Shall the gathered millions sing
Till the arches of the skies
  With their hallelujahs ring.

II.—BY JOHN PIERPONT.

With trump, and pipe, and viol-chords,
And song, the full assembly brings
Its tribute to the Lord of lords,
Its homage to the King of kings.

To God, who, from the rocky prison
Where death had bound him, brought his Son, —
To God "these walls from earth have risen;"
To God, "the high and lofty One."

Creator, at whose steadfast word
Alike the seas and seasons roll!
Here may thy truth in Christ our Lord
Shine forth, and sanctify the soul.

Here, where we hymn thy praises now,
Father and Judge, may many a knee
And many a spirit humbly bow
In worship and in prayer to thee.

And when our lips no more shall move,
Our hearts no longer beat or burn,
Then may the children that we love
Take up the strain, and in their turn,

With trump and pipe and viol-strings,
Here pay, with music's sweet accords,
Their tribute to the King of kings,
Their homage to the Lord of lords.

HYMNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE INSTALLATION OF REV. M. I. MOTTE.

I.—BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THOU lofty One, whose name is Love,
Whose praise all nations swell,
Bend from thy glorious throne above,
And in this temple dwell.

Father, 'tis thine, this sacred hour;
Thine let its spirit be;
And, while each tongue proclaims thy power,
Oh! turn each heart to thee.

Bless *him*, thy servant: bid him here
Thy faithful shepherd stand,
To fold for thee, through many a year,
This little gathering band.

Bless him with grace their steps to lead,
Where no dark tests divide;
To make the name of CHRIST their creed,
His life and law their guide.

Bless *them*, thy children, — them and theirs, —
In all their ways below:
Be with them, Father, in their prayers,
And with them in their woe.

Be with them when they come to die,
And make the summons blest;
Then, in a better world on high,
Receive them to thy rest.

II. — BY JOHN PIERPONT.

"LET there be light!" When from on high,
O God! that first commandment came,
Forth leaped the Sun; and earth and sky
Lay in his light, and felt his flame.

"Let there be light!" The light of grace
And truth, a darkling world to bless,
Came with thy word, when on our race
Broke forth the Sun of righteousness.

Light of our souls, how strong it grows!
That Sun — how wide his beams he flings,
As up the glorious sky he goes,
With light and healing in his wings!

Give us that light! O God! 'tis given:
Hope sees it open heaven's wide halls
To those who for the truth have striven;
And Faith walks firmly where it falls.

Churches no more, in cold eclipse,
Mourn the withholding of its rays:
It gilds their gates, and on the lips
Of every faithful preacher plays.

Doth not its circle clasp the brows
Of him, who, in the strength of youth,

Gives himself up in this day's vows,
A minister of grace and truth?

Long may it, Lord: nor let his soul
Go through Death's gloomy vale alone;
But bear it on to its high goal,
Wrapped in the light that veils thy throne.

HYMNS.

BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON.

[FOR DIFFERENT EXCURSIONS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.]

I.

O THOU that once on Horeb stood,
  Revealed within the burning tree!
To-day as well, in each green wood,
  Be seen by hearts that yearn for thee.
Each shining leaf is bright with God,
Each bough a prophet's "budding rod,"
Each by thy flaming sun illumed,
Yet each, like Horeb's, unconsumed.

O Thou whose hand poured Jordan's stream,
  Whose angel-dove hung o'er its wave
To hallow with a heavenly gleam
  The Son whose love a world would save!

Bring from the waters at our side
Some whisper, gentle as their tide,
Saying, like Christ on Galilee, —
That holier lake, — Peace, peace, to thee!

We pray, O Lord who touched the mount!
We pray through Him who stilled the sea:
May every outward sight a fount
Of inward life and courage be;
The radiant bush, the white-winged dove,
The fire of faith, the peace of love,
Uplift our souls, and urge them on
To take the cross, to wear the crown.

II.

God's love, spread round us here,
Infolds us like the air:
It crowns our joy, it casts out fear,
It prompts our song and prayer.

God's smile of light is ours:
It glances on the wood,
It gilds the stream, it bathes the flowers,
And makes the whole earth good.

It fills our hearts and homes;
It cheers this festive band;
It shines wherever childhood roams,
And strengthens duty's hand.

God's care is o'er our way
In city and in field:
Oh! let him be our spirits' stay,
And faith in him our shield.

Giver of these glad hours,
Go thou before us still;
Lead back to toil and thought our powers,
Refreshed, to do thy will.

May this day's quickening rest
Some holier aims impart,
Kindling such love in every breast
As dwelt in Christ's pure heart!

III.

FATHER, shed thy spirit here;
Raise our thoughts to thy bright throne;
Scatter every doubt and fear,
Make us every one thine own:
From all weakness set us free, —
Pride and sense and vanity.

God, who led young Joseph's way,
Guard with innocence our days!
God, who heard young Samuel pray,
Teach our lips to breathe thy praise!
God who lov'st the sinless heart,
Give us Mary's better part!

Cast away our base desires;
Self and its false will dethrone;
Kindle faith's most sacred fires;
Make us brave for truth alone, —
Followers of thy perfect Son,
Christ, the blameless, spotless one.

Save us from temptation's sway;
Keep us pure as morning air;
Wayward let us never stray;
Heavenward may we lift our prayer,
Trustful, tell our wants to thee,
Thy meek children always be.

Warn us by thy thunder voice;
Wake us by thy heavenly light;
Prompt us to the nobler choice;
Clear our clouded earthly sight;
Open these sense-covered eyes
On the soul's deep mysteries.

We would see thee everywhere, —
In the sky, the sea, the flower,
In the daylight's dazzling glare,
In the evening's star-lit hour;
All that's felt and seen and heard
In thy gospel's glorious word.

Gentle, patient tempers give;
Hearts by others' sufferings moved;

Teach us how like Him to live,
Who his foes and slanderers loved:
One with him and all mankind,
May we love's great secret find!

Parents, teachers, children, all,
Bound to one immortal home,
Never let thy pilgrims fall,
Nor in desert darkness roam;
Bring us with unfaltering feet
Where the happy spirits meet!

To the land of peaceful streams,
To sweet fields of holy rest,
Where no fading sunset-beams
Vanish down the darkening west,
To unchanging light above,
Safely lead us, God of love!

HYMNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE INSTALLATION OF E. E. HALE.

I. — BY A LADY OF THE CHURCH.

HERE again we are assembled
For thy blessing, gracious Lord,
To install once more a pastor
Sent by thee to preach thy word.

From thy hand may we receive him
With united hearts in love,
With aspiring hopes, believing
Prayers are answered from above.

May thy servant as a worker
In his Master's vineyard stand,
Fearless, earnest, faithful, ever,
With this gathered, waiting band.

By our prayers may he be strengthened,
By thy Spirit ever led;
And all hearts in Christ united
Be with "daily manna" fed!

Here may many souls be gathered,
True disciples of the Lord;
Hearts be filled with Jesus' spirit,
Taught and fed by Jesus' word!

Father, hear us! Father, bless us —
Pastor, people — with thy grace!
Let thy Spirit rest upon us;
Let thy glory fill this place!

II. — BY NATHAN HALE, JUN.

GREAT God, the noblest gift we own —
Oh, may we grateful be! —
Is that our souls may seek thy throne,
And hold commune with thee.

Thy holy presence, ever near,
Help us to feel and know,
That we may find thy kingdom here,
And walk with God below.

Help us to find in thy great love
Our dearest hope and guide:
Who rests on wisdom from above
Can need no help beside.

Help us to love that mighty hand
That leads us on our way:
When perfect justice gives command,
'Tis freedom to obey.

Help him who holds the torch above,
Lighted from Jesus' flame,
To tell thy word, to show thy love,
To magnify thy name.

So in this temple may our hearts
Warmed and exalted be
To win the peace that Christ imparts,
And give the praise to thee.

III. — BY MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

"How beautiful," saith he of old,
"The steps of him that bringeth peace,
And publisheth the sacred word
That bids earth's weary conflicts cease!"

The herald of a golden age
Brighter than fabling poets told,
The mysteries of coming good
Before his vision are unrolled.

'Tis his to feel that mystic breath,
That solemn impulse of the time,
By which the Spirit of our Lord
Rolls on his purposes sublime.

'Tis his each true and rightful cause
With dauntless purpose to embrace,
And, when the brave and noble strive,
Be ever foremost in the race.

'Tis his, in high, heroic zeal,
To string and train the youthful mind,
And bid it see in Christ our Lord
The good and beautiful combined;

To rend each veil, to spurn each lie,
By which God's loveliness is marred;
To break each bond and bolt and bar
By which his holy truth is barred;

Yet, with a tender, patient care,
To lead the erring and the weak,
And, in the language of the skies,
To bid the stammering tongue to speak.

As Jesus, Lord and Brother, walked
The ways by sinning mortals trod,
The link between mankind and heaven,
The Son of Mary and of God, —

So in his Spirit stand thou fast;
Walking with God, yet walk with men,

The brother, teacher, friend, and guide
By whom they come to God again,

That, when with them thou stand'st at last
Before the seat of Mary's Son,
Thou mayst with joy repeat his word:
"Of those thou gavest, lost I none."

HYMN.

FOR THE LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE CHURCH IN UNION-PARK STREET, JUNE 6, 1861.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

"THOU art the Christ, the Son of God!"
Untaught, his eager follower cries:
Our Master blessed the inspired Word,
And on that rock his church shall rise.

That rock is struck by prophet hands,
And streams of living water flow:
Built on that rock, our house shall stand,
Though floods descend, and tempests blow.

Unless the Lord shall build the house,
They build in vain who lay the stone:
O Father! build our humble pile,
And make thy children's work thine own.

Be pleased to bless us all who build;
Build us together into one, —
One living temple to our God,
Christ Jesus the chief corner-stone.

NOTES.

NOTES.

[A.]

ORIGINAL MEMBERS.

The act of incorporation was granted to the following corporators: —

Thomas Brewer.	Walter Cornell.
Ephraim Marsh.	Henry H. Fuller.
Thomas Hunting.	Robert Treat Paine.

Benjamin Seaver.

At the first meeting of the society, Ephraim Marsh was chosen moderator, and Robert Treat Paine secretary. The following building committee was then appointed: —

BUILDING COMMITTEE.

Ephraim Marsh.	Josiah F. Flagg.
Thomas Brewer.	Henry H. Fuller.
A. G. P. Colburn.	Henry Hatch.
Walter Cornell.	Thomas Hunting.
Joseph D. Emery.	Benjamin Stevens.

Elisha Copeland, jun., was chosen treasurer, and Robert Treat Paine secretary, of the corporation.

After the church was built, at a meeting held in the vestry of the new church, George Bond presided: Gardner Brewer was chosen secretary *pro tem.*

The following standing committee was then appointed: —

Charles Sprague.	Thomas Brewer.
Charles Ellis.	J. F. Flagg.
Thomas Hunting.	Henry H. Fuller.
Benjamin Stevens.	Walter Cornell.

Joseph D. Emery.

The original subscribers for building the church, according to a list of June, 1827, were: —

Names.	No. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Names.	No. of Shares.	Amount Paid.
Thomas Brewer	5	$500	Benjamin Guild	2	100
George Archbald	3	300	Charles Lowell	1	100
Josiah Stickney	1	100	W. E. Channing	1	100
Walter Cornell (L. Tucker's transfer)	1	100	Sarah Blake	3	100
Eben White	1	100	Francis Parkman	3	100
John C. Hubbard	1	100	Dupee & Hanson	3	100
F. Skinner	1	100	Cram & Marsh	1	100
S. G. Williams	1	100	C. & F. Bullard	1	100
Richard Sullivan	1	100	Bela Stoddard	3½	350
James Dennison	1	100	James Gouch	1	100
Charles Ellis	1	100	George Savage	1	100
J. D. Emery	2½	250	Milton Hall	1	100
Caleb Stowell	2	100	John Howe	1	100
			Solomon Towne	3	300

Names.	No. of Shares.	Amount Paid.	Names.	No. of Shares.	Amount Paid.
Charles Heath	2	$200	E. Copeland, jun.	2	200
Thomas Haviland	2	200	Charles G. Loring	1	100
Hastings & Marsh	1	100	George Bond	2	200
Ephraim Marsh	7½	750	Robert G. Shaw	3	300
Bullard & Willett	2	200	Joseph Lovèring	3	300
Arnold Hayward	1	100	John Ware	1	100
Levi L. Cushing	1	100	W. & G. Tuckerman	2	200
Jarvis Clapp	2	200	George Gay	1	100
Carey & Dickenson	2	200	David L. Mayo	1	100
Cornell & Hurlbert	2	200	James H. Foster	2	200
Ellis Gray Loring	1	100	Abel Adams	1	100
R. T. Paine	2	200	Prince Hawes	1	100
James Bowen	2	200	Joshua Child	1	75
Henry Hatch	2	200	James Read	1	100
J. F. Flagg	1	100	J. Steadman	1	100
John Stevens	1	100	Thomas Hunting	3	300
John Thompson	1	100	Samuel Salisbury	1	100
Stephen Fairbanks	1	100	James Hendley	2	200
Charles Sprague	1	100	John French	2	200
Hall J. Howe	1	100	William Williams	1	100
J. & B. Leeds	1	100	A. W. Fuller	1	100
H. M. Hayes	1	100	Benjamin Thaxter	1	100
Robert Waterston	1	100	G. B. Emerson	1	100
Henry Burditt	1	100	Wyman Harrington	1	75
Benjamin Seaver	1	100	Noah Harrington	1	30
George Morey, jun.	1	100	Baker & Horton	2	200
Lemuel Shaw	1	100	Benjamin Stevens	1	100
H. H. Fuller	1	100			

The owners of pews, by a list of August, 1828, were : —

Henry Haviland.
Thomas Haviland.
Charles Ellis.
A. W. Fuller.
Charles Heath.
F. Moseley.
George Archbald.
Wait and Flagg.
Abel Call (deceased).
Henry Hatch.
R. T. Paine and D. Reed.
H. H. Fuller (Eph'm Marsh).
Thomas Hunting.
John French.
C. Alger and T. N. French.
E. Sawin.
Joseph Lovering.
S. Fairbanks.
J. D. W. Williams.
S. F. Morse.
E. Marsh.
E. Copeland, jun.
B. Stevens.
Charles Sprague.
J. M. Mayo.
W. Cornell.
W. H. Howard.
J. D. Emery.
John Ellis, jun.
James H. Foster.
George Morey.
N. Brigham (M. Cutler).
Seth Wellington.
Winsor Fay.
C. Hindman.
Joel Fay (L. Tucker, jun.).
T. J. Bailey.
Parker Lawrence.
James Hendley.
Bullard, and W. and A. Hayward.
Thompson and Rogers.
Isaac Child.
Elisha Horton.
J. Gates.
J. C. Hubbard.
J. Nazro.
Walter Cornell.
George Savage.

E. G. Loring.
Howe and Heath.
James Gouch.
Ephraim Marsh.
John Howe.

The lessees of pews in August, 1828, were: —

Asa Jones.
John Stevens.
William Austin.
Henry Blake.
Thomas Copeland.
Brown and Leland (A. Copeland).
R. J. Byram.
Hiram Tupper.
C. W. Leland.
Mrs. Churchill.
William Hancock (Babcock).
W. N. Tyler (afterwards owner).
Calvin Bailey.
Whiting Hewins.
Crafts and Saville.
Barnes and Upham.
George M. Gibbens.
T. H. Cheever and Misses Bedel.
Abraham Hewes.
B. G. Sweetser (afterwards owner).
Sherburn and Reed.
Nat. Clapp.
L. A. Lauriatt.
Aaron Guild (afterwards owner).
Withington and J. G. Roberts.
Eben Vose (afterwards owner).
F. Bowen and Miss L. Brown.
M. & E. Brown, Woodard & Walker.
William Marston.
L. Bonney (afterwards owner).
Andrew Capen, jun.
Loring Brown.
T. McIntire.
B. Callender.

[B.]

OUR ARMY AND NAVY LIST.

[See note on p. 43.]

Joseph Andrews	General commanding Fort Warren.
William Henry Alline	Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.
——— Appleton	Engineer Corps, Brashear City, La.
George E. Bates	Fifth Regiment M.V.M. (prisoner after Bull Run).
——— Batchelder	
James R. Bigelow	Captain Eleventh Regiment Mass. Vols.
Horace W. Bailey	
Thomas J. Bailey	General of colored troops.
Moses E. Boyd	Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.
Francis E. Boyd	Second lieutenant First Mass. Artillery; captain Forty-first Regiment Infantry; captain Third Cavalry; major Fourth Artillery. Promoted, for gallant conduct, to brevet lieutenant-colonel.
George Bush	Captain Thirteenth Regiment Mass. Vols. Killed at Chancellorsville.
Stephen Cabot	Colonel U.S. Artillery.
Dr. Samuel F. Coues	Surgeon U.S. Navy.

George L. Dyer . . .	Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.
J. Frank Emmons . .	Lieutenant Forty-fifth Regiment M.V.M.
Dr. Daniel Gilbert . .	Surgeon in army.
Watson Gore, jun. . .	Signal Corps.
Dr John Green . . .	Surgeon.
John Hayes . . .	Cavalry.
James Hayes . . .	Killed at Antietam.
Albert Hunnewell . .	Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.
Dr. William Ingalls . .	Surgeon Fifth Regiment M.V.M.
Edward Lloyd Jones . .	Captain Fifty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.; major by brevet.
Charles Jones . . .	Signal Corps.
——— Jones . . .	
Charles Robinson Johnson	Captain Light Battery.
Edward John Kidder .	Captain Twelfth Regiment Mass. Vols. Killed at Spottsylvania Court-House.
Chas. Cartwright Lawrence	Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.
Ellis Loring Motte . .	First lieutenant Thirteenth Mass. Battery.
Grenville B. Macomber .	Color-sergt. Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.
Robert McKelvey . .	Fifty-sixth Regiment M.V.M.
Michael R. Morgan . .	Brigadier-general U.S.A.
James G. Miller . . .	
Horatio Newhall . .	Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.
Francis S. Nichols . .	
Frederick Odiorne . .	Second lieutenant Forty-fourth Regt. M.V.M.

G. L. Odiorne	Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.
William M. Olin	Thirty-sixth Regiment Mass. Vols.
J. Henry Olin	Fifth Light Battery Mass. Vols.
Albert Kidder Page	Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.
Robert Bates Palfrey	Forty-third Regiment M.V.M. and U.S.N.
Edwin Pettingill	Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.
Charles E. Read	Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.
William Howell Reed	Hospital duty under U.S. Sanitary Commiss.
Cyrus Alger Sears	Lieutenant Forty-fifth Regiment M.V.M.
J. Franklin Smith	Forty-first Regiment Mass. Volunteers and Third Cavalry.
Joseph Franklin Tenney	Captain Thirtieth Regiment Mass. Vols.
Nathaniel Wales	Private Company G, Twenty-fourth Mass. Vols.; first lieutenant Thirty-second Regiment Mass. Vols.; adjutant Thirty-fifth Regiment Mass. Vols.; major Thirty-fifth Regiment Mass. Vols. Promoted to brevet lieutenant-colonel "for conspicuous gallantry while in command of the Thirty-fifth Mass. Vols. at the siege of Knoxville, Tenn.;" again promoted to brevet colonel for bravery in action.
Clifton Whall	Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.
Dr. Allston Waldo Whitney	

Dr. Josiah Newell Willard	Assistant surgeon Nineteenth Regiment Mass. Vols. Promoted to surgeon First Regiment Heavy Artilery.
Dr. Abram Wilder, jun. .	Surgeon.
Gustavus A. Winsor . .	Ensign U.S. Navy.
C. D. Woodbury . .	Hospital-steward Forty-fourth Regiment M.V.M.

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